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MARCH 14, 1883.

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

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"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



AN APPALLING ATTEMPT TO MUZZLE THE WATCH-DOG OF SCIENCE.

"The Society for the Suppression of Blasphemous Literature proposes to get up cases against Professors Huxley and Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, and others who, by their writings, have sown widespread unbelief, and in some cases rank atheism."—*Tel. London, March 5, 1883.*

PUCK.

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BUSINESS-MANAGER - A. SCHWARZMANN
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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Rip Van Winkle has come back again, after more than a score years' sleep, and we are extremely sorry to say that he has not met with the respectful reception to which his age, at the least, entitles him. A hoary head, we are told, is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness; but there is reason to believe that this particular patriarch's snowy locks have occasionally been seen in paths which are not the paths of holiness, and that the ways of the ancient are not the ways of righteousness. Hence his return is not made an occasion for general rejoicing, nor for a popular ovation. This is sad, perhaps, but it seems eminently natural to those who know the political history of the country, and the figure that this same Rip Van Winkle cut in it more than a century ago. We regret it, but it is impossible to greet the returned wanderer without a smile—and there are many of us who are thankful that we can smile, and that the home-coming outcast is too old and feeble to be the very dangerous citizen he once was.

The main danger of a republic or a liberal monarchy may be that the people are not governed enough; but it is not a safe thing for every opinionated busybody with a taste for management to undertake to govern the rest of his fellow-citizens by special license. It is not safe for the public, to begin with, and when the public wakes up to the fact, it is not safe for the busybody, to end with. Yet special legislation has burdened this city with a lot of self-appointed "societies," which sit in pragmatism over our public affairs. And it appears that London is cursed in something the same way. London has a Society for the Suppres-

sion of Blasphemous Literature, and the Society for the Suppression of Blasphemous Literature now proposes to "get up cases" against Professors Tyndall, Huxley and Spencer, and the publishers of the works of Darwin and John Stuart Mill. It is a very pretty little scheme. It is a very neat little scheme indeed. There is only one trouble about it. It is rather tardy. It would have done very well two hundred centuries ago, had Herbert Spencer *et al.* written at that period; but the people of this age are what Darwin and Huxley and Tyndall have made them, and it is among the vague improbabilities that the watch-dogs of science will ever be silenced with the very small muzzle which the Society for the Suppression of Blasphemous Literature has prepared for them. And suppose—we throw this out simply as a hint—suppose the watch-dogs of science should happen to turn on the Society for the Suppression of Blasphemous Literature. Would there not be some rending done in the neighborhood of London?

A MODERN MAN OF FAITH.



STILL WAITING FOR WIGGINS'S STORM.

"Sold again!" the people of the State of New York cry with regard to their Governor. Here was a man elected to this important position by the largest majority ever known in a State election. He is a Democrat; but he did not get the office solely by Democratic votes. Republicans and Democrats united to overthrow the Administration candidate, Folger, and succeeded in a way far beyond their wildest dreams. The victory was as much a protest against Governor Cornell's "blind pool" policy as against stalwart Republicanism.

But the public has been sold. Governor Cleveland is as likely to prove an incompetent Governor as Mayor Edson has proved an incompetent Mayor. But Mr. Edson doesn't surprise anybody. He has done only what might be expected of any man who takes office under the auspices of Mr. John Kelly. But something different was expected of Governor Cleveland. After his smooth assurances, it was not thought that his first public act would be to play into the hands of the monopolists. In his veto of the Five-Cent Fare Bill he speaks of the necessity of the State keeping its contract with the "L" roads.

As a matter of fact, the State has never broken its contract; but the managers of the "L" roads have broken theirs, and in a most flagrant manner, by inflating the stock and refusing to give the public that to which it was entitled. Governor Cleveland is a lawyer, and in his veto message seemed particularly anxious

to let everybody know how much he knew about law by using the arguments of much better lawyers, whose "passions and words" had been hired by the monopolists to support their cause. If Governor Cleveland had betrayed an equal amount of anxiety to exhibit his common sense, there would have been no veto, for common sense and the will of the people were against it.

We have too many lawyers in this country. In Great Britain, we believe, there is one lawyer to every three thousand persons. In this country the proportion is one to every eight hundred, and the number is increasing daily. Congress and every legislative body is crowded with them. They have to prey on society, for they live on litigation, which it is their interest to encourage. The time will come when a National Anti-Lawyer Association will be formed, whose object will be to prevent any lawyer holding a public office. The official who is a lawyer has a warped mind, and must necessarily see things only in the dim light of his association and training.

Governor Cleveland is this kind of a lawyer; a man incapable of taking broad, just views of affairs; a man who has deliberately flown in the face of justice and public opinion; a man who has joined the monopolist organization and has taken his first degree in their lodge; a man who will not be Governor of the State of New York again—a State that wants a Governor who knows the law, but not "a lawyer;" one who will be the champion of the rights of the people at all hazards, and not the creature of monopolists.

Why, Wiggins? We give it up. Avaunt, Mr. Wiggins; get thee to a bunnery, and, yea, verily, thou wilt assume the biscuit. Give up weather-propheting, Mr. Wiggins, for you have proved on two occasions that you are not constituted for this line of business. You might make a good

Art Critic;
You might make an unparalleled
Arctic Explorer;
You might make an unprecedented
Indian Agent;
You might gain immortal fame as a
Spring Poet;
Or as a
Phenomenal Hamlet;
Or as the author of the great
American Play;
Or
American Novel;
Or
Beautiful Snow;

But as a weather-prophet, Mr. Wiggins, you are about the most unmitigated and unabridged fizzle we ever heard of. In fact, you are no

Weather-Prophet.
And we furthermore wish to say that the best weather-prophet of the present time is

PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1883,
Price, Twenty-five Cents,
Because it speaks of the mild March weather, and the indications of early flowers. And, so far, it is very right. Read the poem and the stock humor for March, and see for yourself. Then you will arise and say, in a loud, joyful voice: "I have seen

PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1883,
and it is exceeding beautiful to look upon. It has written March up just as March has come to pass; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we give PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883, (price, twenty-five cents), the palm; and declare that although

Mr. Wiggins
May be a weather-prophet in a mild form, yet a much greater one, and one that should be dearer to the

American Heart,
is
PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1883,
Which now may be had of any intelligent news-dealer in the land for the modest sum of
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Let Our Methodist Friends Speculate in Mining Stocks if They Want to—



IN FACT, PUCK DOESN'T SEE WHY THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE INDICATORS IN THEIR CHURCHES, AND BE DONE WITH IT.

THE NEW TARIFF'S EFFECTS.

A Puck reporter was instructed to fill himself with information as to the effect that the new tariff would be likely to have on consumers and others.

The first person he struck was Mrs. Van Cabbage-Stork Niggerblacker, the very toney leader of fashion in the highest coaching and polo circles.

"I don't know what the country is coming to," said the aristocratic dame, whose proud nostril dilated with unusual dilate: "It seems as if Congress was determined to grind us aristocrats down under its iron heel. I suppose we must pay the penalty of our exclusiveness and nobility. Had I known we were to be subjected to such persecution, my Dutch ancestors should never have been allowed to come over here two hundred years ago."

"How does the new tariff affect you, madam?"

"Young man, that is an impertinent question; but I don't mind answering it. The duty on ladies' cloaks has been decreased, and now every shop and sewing-machine girl will be able to wear as handsome a cloak as I, which will probably condemn me to seal-skin for the whole year. Then the duty on laces has been reduced ten per cent, which will make it quite *infra dig* for me to indulge in such ornamentation."

The next person waited on was Miss Valedudinarian Misanthrope. When the reporter asked her about the tariff she fainted a few times, then, speaking in a tremulous voice, said:

"The duty on iron has been increased, and I don't know what is to become of me. On pig-iron and scrap-iron it is raised from \$6.50 to \$6.72 a ton. Round-iron not less than three-fourths of an inch in diameter and squares of similar dimensions have been advanced from \$20 to \$22.40. Charcoal-iron has been raised to \$22. I, who practically live on iron, am thus compelled to give up my medicine—and I took only about a quart a week."

A lady named Mrs. Wanderwilt was the individual next interviewed.

"Why Congress has set its face against innocent luxury I cannot understand. I have done my best to furnish and decorate my house decently; and what is my reward for the sacrifices I have made for the love of the beautiful?"

The duty on earthen, stone and crockery-ware, painted or gilded, has been raised from fifty to sixty per cent. Yes," she continued, with tears in her eyes: "I fail to see how it is possible for me to indulge in my passion for æstheticism. Fifty per cent duty I could stand, but sixty per cent—never, never!"

The Puck man entreated the young woman not to take on so, and then hied him to the mansion of another society leader, Mrs. Youbet Mildollar. He was received by her with great cordiality. She was a luscious strawberry blonde, with large, soft, dreamy gray eyes.

"I shall have to give them up," she said, regretfully, as she waved her celluloid hand-painted fan with gentle vigor: "It will no longer be in my power to wear crinolinettes, now that the duty has been increased from forty to forty-five per cent. And then my supply of candies will be entirely cut off, as the duty on sugar above No. 13 has been raised. It is now two and three-quarters cents a pound, whereas it used to be only two and one-eighth. Had the bill to increase the duty on buckwheat-cakes passed, I should have abandoned my country and have sought a home in a land where there were no such things as Congresses or tariff reformers."

The Puck reporter having carefully corrected his notes, then handed them to the foreman for treatment.

WE WANT TO KNOW.

MR. WIGGINS,

Dear Prof.:

Will you kindly tell us if

The peach crop will be a success this year, if It will be cold enough for seal-skin sacques next August, and if

We are going to have a heavy snow-storm on the 4th of next July, if

Church-fair stews will have more than one oyster in them next winter, if

It will be so cold next August that young ladies will not eat ice-cream, if

The spring will really be ethereal and balmy enough to be written up in verse, if

Samuel J. Tilden will ever again run for the Presidency, or be engaged to be married, if

Vennor and DeVoe know what they are talking about?

Puckerings.

RAILROAD FARE—Peanuts.

A PASSION PLAY—Salvini in the Last Act of "Othello."

THE BEST fire-escape we know of is to live on the ground.

THE SCISSORS editor may believe in the eighth commandment, but he doesn't keep it.

WHY is it that a man naturally puts his pen in the mucilage, and the mucilage-brush in the ink?

THE "PEACH" CROP has not been a total failure in Ireland this year, and is not likely to be, as we are only in March.

MR. WIGGINS,

Dear Sir:

That you had better look out for some other diggin's

All now concur.

SHAKSPERE SAYS: "A man may smile and smile and be a villain." Now, Willie is wrong, for you can't be a first-class, dividend-paying villain and be drunk at the same time.

A BILL HAS been reported at Albany to amend the act to punish false swearing at political caucuses. The best way to amend the act would be to give every political caucus five years in Sing Sing under Warden Brush's benignant rule.

THE LATEST news from Ecuador is that the last Government lasted just five minutes. The inhabitants are now clamoring for a fresh one every hour; but many Liberals think this too long a term to be consistent with perfect freedom, and a step toward despotism.

THERE IS to be a new game-law in New Jersey to prohibit shooting, fishing, etc., without a license from the Board of Agriculture. Every inhabitant should at once secure a license; otherwise the whole population of the State is likely to be lodged in jail before the mosquito season ends.

A SYMPHONY FROM THE COMPOSING-ROOM.

Ravoninahitriniarivo
Ramanirakaudrianisa
Marikarabibisoa
Ranjalahyatachi
Baragilanojnaschivari
Kilamanifarapassylao
Samatirabijalamajoraniko

The Foreman saw this on the stone, and wanted to know who made that pi. And he looked doubtful and troubled when he was told that it was the list of the Malagassy envoys.

It is proposed in the Senate, at Albany, that mining companies shall be compelled to make annual reports. Certainly the passage of such a measure will be a great consolation for the man who holds five hundred ten-dollar shares in the Moonbeam-Mirage Gold and Silver Aladdin Mine. He will learn that the mine is still in as promising a condition as it was last year and the year before that; that 250,000 tons of ore now on the surface assay on an average 50 per cent silver, 75 per cent gold, and a trace of solitaire diamonds. Meanwhile the assessment of \$5 a share per month will continue, and the stock is quoted on the Mining Exchange at 1¼ cents asked and 0 cents bid.

THE TONSOR OUT-TONSORED.

The other day a man walked into a barber shop, and, having assured the boy in attendance that he was not dying to have his shoes blacked, and the cashier that he didn't care anything about seeing the morning papers, stretched himself out in the chair and solicited a close shave. The artist immediately began applying the *charlotte russe* to the man's face with might and main. While doing this he said:

"Fine wea—"

"Yes," responded the man in the chair: "we are having very fine weather, indeed. I am very fond of fine weather. I could stand fine weather all the year round. What is life without fine weather? Why, what would become of women with fine clothes if it were not for fine weather? Why, they would die broken-hearted inside of a month. How would we ever enjoy fishing without fine weather? Why, we would never be able to enjoy it at all. Fine weather is enjoyed alike by the base-ball player and the policeman. It is enjoyed by the man who peddles red lemonade on Broadway, too, because the rain soaks him to the skin. But it does not hurt the lemonade any. It only increases the quantity, without affecting the quality in the least. But it sort of fades the red out. But what were we talking about?"

"Fine wea—"

"Oh, yes," broke in the man in the chair: "fine weather, that was the subject. But why should you tell me of the fine weather? I know it's fine. I am not blind. I have splendid sight. And yet you tell me it is fine. If I were to go up to you and say: 'Mr. Jones, is it fine weather?' you would glare upon me and ask me if I was blind. Yet, knowing my sight to be good, you tell me it is fine. Now tell me some more things I know. What is the color of my hair?"

"Brown."

"Thank you, thank you very much; I know it is brown, and that is the reason the information sets me wild with joy. Now, is my hair thin?"

"It is beginning to get a little thin on the top," said the barber, running his fingers through his customer's locks.

"I am really much obliged to you, for you have told me something that I know by heart. I am told this by every barber I meet. Now, what is the color of my vest?"

"Drab."

"Good enough," replied the shavee, rapturously: "you are not color-blind, and that should make you happy. If you were color-blind, black might look like green to you; and people would find it out, and hand you pieces of black paper which you would take for five-dollar bills. So my vest is drab? Ah, gentle Alpheus, how well do we agree!"

By this time the barber had taken hold of his victim's nose, in order to shave his upper lip properly, and thus choked his stream of conversation off. As soon as he saw a good chance, he started in again with:

"Your face is—"

"You're right," broke in the customer: "my face is—it is very much. Sometimes it is, and sometimes it isn't. But at the present time it is—"

"Is what?" inquired the barber.

"Is free from all affections common to the human face. It is as smooth as ivory. Once, when I was in Scotland, I had skin like a chicken's. This was caused by eating too much oat-meal. Consequently, at the present time I am not in need of the Magnolia Balm which you make right on the premises yourself, and which is the best thing extant, as you can prove by testimonials from well-known men, for pimples, bronchitis, coughs, colds, catarrh, hives, and all affections of the throat and lungs."

The barber was a little bit nonplussed at this, and was silent for some moments.

The man in the chair was also silent, but watched his opponent sharply, in order to head him off and beat him as soon as he started. The barber was doing his best to keep still, and the effect of his great effort was apparent in his trembling anatomy and tight-drawn lips. But the tension was too great. The barber watched his chance. It finally came. The man in the chair half closed his eyes. Before he could open them, the barber swiftly shrieked:

"Does the razor hurt you? Do you mind the door being open? Do you think the next President will be a Democrat? Do you think John Kelly will ever be Governor of New York? Will you have a shampoo to-day? Will you have your hair trimmed a little? Do you think business is going to be better? Have you an idea that stocks will go up much higher? Do you—"

But at this juncture the man in the chair shook off the psychologic influence of the barber and yelled back:

"No, sir, the razor doesn't hurt me; if it did I should have informed you. I do not mind the door being open in the least; I like it. If I did not, I should have asked you to close it. I do not think the next President will be a Democrat. If I did, I should go abroad and become a citizen of another republic. I do not believe John Kelly will ever be Governor of New York. No, I will not have a shampoo to-day; I had one yesterday. I will

not have my hair trimmed, either. I don't like hair trimmed; I like it plain. Of course I think business is going to be better. If I did not, I would get right out of business. I think that stocks will also go higher; then they will go lower, and afterward higher. I also think PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 is about the best twenty-five-cent literary gem that has yet found a permanent setting in the great American heart. A cool, calm and dispassionate view of the situation leads me to imagine that the treatment of varicose veins is often attended with considerable danger when bandaged tightly at the spot where the arteries bifurcate. My grandfather was a valetudinarian whose idiosyncrasies were—"

Looking around, he saw the barber leaning against the next chair for support. He was talked out. Finally the man who had been shaved whispered something, they both smiled, and the barber said:

"I acknowledge I am beaten; let's have something."

And they swore eternal friendship in a bottle of bay rum.

Then the customer left, and the barber soliloquized:

"I was out-talked at every point; but my heart is not broken, when I know I met my defeat at the hands of a traveling brother professional; for my conqueror holds the talking championship of the biggest hotel barber shop in Chicago."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AN ECCENTRIC INVITATION.

We have, in our time, been honored by invitations to many notable gatherings.

We have been asked to grace dog-fights with our presence; we have been solicited to assist keeping the public peace at the legal executions of several men; we have received invitations to participate in those grand, unabridged free lunches known as "openings;" we have been invited to drive out to Westchester with De Lancey Kane. But we always thought that with the latter our list of eccentric invitations ceased. But it didn't, though, all the same; for we have just received an invitation to be present at a show which is advertised to take place at St. Petersburg next May.

Below is a reproduction of the ticket, unto which no coupon was attached:

Last week we invited the Czar to come over to the PUCK office and be crowned, and have not yet heard from him. Consequently we think he is putting on style, and is determined to be crowned in Russia. We would just as soon go over there as have him come over here, unless he would allow us to rent him out to a dime museum.

A cool, calm and dispassionate view of the situation leads us to conclude that the Nihilists have done us a high honor, and we feel grateful and pleased. We imagine that before long we shall receive paste-board of a similar nature from the Fenian leaders, asking us to be present at the blowing up of the British Government.

If we do, we shall do the best we can to be on hand to participate in the general enjoyment.

But when invited in this sort of style, we should be supplied with free passes across the water, which we could sell at reduced rates in case our health or business engagements would not permit us to go.

We want to go to St. Petersburg very much. We want to see the coronation. We want to see the circus generally. But before we consent to go, the Nihilists must send us free passes, give us the freedom of St. Petersburg, satisfy us that it is no empty advertising scheme, and that the bombs and dynamite are not branded with the names of various patent-medicines, and that it is a genuine coronation and blow-up from Blowupville.

We await the action of the Nihilists.



FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCLXXII.

RAILWAY STOCKS.



Ya-as, I am quite surprised at the extraordinary fund of knowledge I am acquiring relative to the monetary affairs of the various railway enterprises in America. I don't at all think I should ever have given any attention to

these things, had not an eminent and prominent fellow connected with such arrangements endeavored to excite my interest.

I believe that in Great Britain and other portions of the globe, when there is any intention of constructing a railroad, a number of capitalists subscribe or raise the money for the purpose. But—strange as it may seem—nothing of the kind is done here.

I remember that my Governor, who was the original chairman of the directors of the Great Western Railway, when he had resolved to invest in the concern, simply gave a check for the money as it was required. He never dreamed of doing anything else, and I don't think Bunsen would have drawn plans for the line unless he knew that there would not be the slightest shadow of difficulty with reference to the capital.

In this country no one ever thinks of advancing any money to build a railway. Everything is done without a sixpence being drawn. The permanent way, the railway carriages, the stations, junctions, bridges and all the paraphernalia are procured not precisely on credit, but by raising the whine by the sale of debentures. Then money—they call them bonds here—are put on the market, and sold to anybody who will purchase them.

This puts money into the pockets of the projectors, who make arrangements to push up the price.

Then, not content with this, preferred stock and common stock are issued, then preference bonds, then railway carriage trust certificates and numerous other obligations. In short, it appears to be the easiest possible thing in the world to make the whole railway, without the original projectors or their immediate friends having to put their hands in their pockets for a solitary farthing. The result is that there is not a nice, clean railway share to be purchased in America.

If a line pays extremely well at first, a process is gone through which is characterized as "waterwing." One share is made to represent perhaps ten shares, and the innocent buyer imagines that he is making a safe and a very excellent investment. He waits one morning and finds that his shares have gone down rapidly in value. He, perhaps, can't sell them if he wants to, and he is half ruined because he knew nothing of the real value of what he has purchased.

But the men who have done the "waterwing" are all right. They have sold so much rubbish at high prices that the depreciation does not hurt them in the smallest degree. They wash like it than otherwise, because they can buy all these worthless shares and dispose of them again when the market is better, and the price they get for them is all profit.

These, I believe, are the reasons why my man of business will not permit me to touch railway shares. He tells me that the Elevated Railway line, which cost scarcely £3,000,000 sterling, has issued about £13,000,000 worth of bonds and shares. I am also reminded that my friends and relatives dropped, yes—ahs ago, many thousands of pounds in Erie.

POOR articles PUCK has always rejected,
When shekels *ad lib.* were fully expected
By writers thereof, who become quite dejected
And sink to oblivion with brains disconnected.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

When the Ulster wishes it could look unobtrusive—

When the crackle of the peanut is heard in the land—

When the stockings of the bicyclist illuminate the boulevard—

When the Ethiopian purloins the public sods to mend his garden—

When reports fly about that David Davis is going to get married—

When the dude dons gloves *couleur de chien jaune éclairé de la lune*—

When the Park Commissioners begin to cut down all the best trees—

When the maiden tells her father that board is cheap at Mt. Desert—

When the man who buys Duplicate Wedding Presents doubles his stock—

When the yellow fever germs crawl out of the frost and shake themselves—

When the Italian organ-grinder thaws out his monkey against the summer tour—

When the young man takes his last year's straw hat out of the closet and anxiously inspects it—

When the small boy, on his way to school, is surprised to see the public fences covered with circus-posters—

When the religious weekly swaps advertisements for seeds, and thus gets free premiums to give its subscribers—

When the man of wealth goes away from his business early and scours the country to find a house for the summer—

When the lady in the ninth story of an apartment building begins to balance flower-pots on a two-inch window-sill—

When the wise hostess gives little dinner-parties to all the ineligible whom she doesn't wish to entertain in the regular season—

When the patent-medicine that all the winter cured chilblains and rheumatism is advertised as a spring tonic and alterative—

When the cornetist begins to practise his summer waltzes and to scuffle around the clam-chowder watering-places for an engagement—

When the brash young shad tells his grandmother that he doesn't believe there are no such things as nets, nohow, and he's going up-river if it broils him—

When the small boy tries to climb a tree that he can't reach half way around, and in the struggle gets his trousers-legs worked up above his knees, and has all the bark scraped off his shins.

When the apple-blossom coquets in every sportive breeze, and the aristocratic poodle is relieved of his winter blanket, presented with a new collar, and measured for a summer muzzle—

And

When the wren begins to chirp,
And the can annoys the purp—
When the peddler of the shad
Has the phthisic very bad,
And he shouts his hearers deaf and
his own old larynx dumb—

When the snowdrop on the lea,
With a tumpy tumpy tee,
And a rumpy tumpy tumpy tumpy
tum tum tum—

Then you may know that B. Spring is near at hand.

BROTHER HICKS is suing the *Graphic* for libel for the publication of the statement that he had demanded of the Government two thousand dollars for Guiteau's skeleton. If Brother Hicks would listen to an explanation, he would at once abandon his suit. It was a misprint on our E. C.'s part—an overplus of ciphers. The *Graphic* meant two dollars.

FINANCIAL MOON-BLINDNESS



STEPS TO THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

THE HON. EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

HE HAS HIS LIFE INSURED.

I'm insured!

I don't think I am insured my full value; still, it's about as much as I can afford to "wrestle" with at present.

Life insurance is a happy thought. It provides for our wives and families, and our wives' second husband and his family.

The undying thanks of all the second husbands in the civilized world are due to the inventor of life insurance.

It took me many years to get insured. They were very suspicious of me. Thought they detected a suicidal look about me, I suppose. When I made application, first of all, I was put through the following

CATECHISM.

1. What's your business?
 2. Who are you?
 3. Your age next birthday?
 4. Age last birthday?
 5. Age first birthday?
 6. Did you ever marry your grandmother?
 7. How old are you?
 8. Did you have any parents?
 9. How many?
 10. Where do you live?
 11. How do you like it?
 12. Are you a Republican or Democrat?
 13. Greenbacker or Prohibitionist?
 14. What church do you belong to?
 15. What language do you use?
 16. Did you ever use profane language?
 17. In what year were you born?
 18. How do you do?
 19. Did you ever take a Turkish bath?
 20. Are you married, or do you ever intend to be?
 21. One wife?
 22. Do you speak German?
 23. Are you a teetotaler?
 24. If so, what's your favorite beer?
 25. Can you stand on your head?
 26. Are you virtuous?
 27. Are you wealthy?
 28. How are you?
 29. Do you belong to a club?
 30. How many relatives have you?
 31. Can they swim?
 32. If dead, please state cause of death, age, moral convictions, and present condition.
 33. Have you ever had any of the following distempers: delirium tremens, nux vomica, gout, loss of conscientiousness, ipecacuanha, consumption, pantod?
 34. If so, are you still alive?
 35. Do you read Puck?
 36. Do you believe in free trade, or a protective tariff for revenue only?
 37. Do you dye your hair?
- These and many more questions I answered categorically, and then I had to be examined by the "Doctor."

He peeled me off, thumped on my chest, tested my internal revenue machinery with the stethoscope, felt my pulse, looked at my teeth, rasped my back with a currycomb, measured me longitudinally, latitudinally and circumferentially, and said:

"That will do; you may go. Two dollars."

And I paid, and went.

The next thing I heard was that my application was "fired out."

"Too much length for your breadth," said the agent, who was trying to rope me in: "can't live long—better set your house in order."

Then I went into training, and got more breadth of beam, to correspond with my length of keel—to speak nautically—and tried it again. Same result. Something still wrong somewhere. Short weight, or something. Went into training again. Built up my adipose tissue; got solid with my stomach; and, after a lapse of ten or fifteen years, tried it again, and this time squeezed through.

I am not sorry my first applications were rejected. The doctors who examined me are dead, and the insurance companies in which I tried to get insured are "busted."

Now I am all right. An agent of the company follows me around to see that I do not take any unnecessary risks, to see that I keep sober, take my bath regularly three times a week, pay my debts, keep my hair parted straight, my teeth brushed, my nails cut, and my morals in good order.

But one thing is wanting to complete my happiness, and that is the repeal of the stamp-act, so that I may not be put to the expense of stamping my checks.

Yours placidly,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

AN ANCIENT BANJO has recently been discovered in the centre of the largest Egyptian pyramid.—*Exchange*.

We have always said those pyramids were built for some good purpose, and we will now wager our club-skates against a bathing-suit that the other two pyramids either contain a trombone and a hand-organ, or quarter-sections of the son-of-a-gun who played that banjo.

AXIOMATIC.

[Hoping the Whitehall Times Will Not Feel Hurt.]

Success lives two doors beyond Perseverance. If you get tired of the struggle of life, cut a pole and go fishing.

He who is always suave and smiling is about as flat as a saltless pudding.

The gossip is like a bicycle, in that she is exceedingly liable to run a person down.

Jealousy and a crack on the crazy-bone have often put murder into the heart of man.

Do not meddle with the wrong person. Remember, there isn't much ecstatic fun in a buzz-saw.

Boast of having been in the lock-up, if you will, but never admit that you have been in love.

Home, to many, is the last resort. When they can do nothing else, they at least can go home.

Self-sufficiency is never so much at home as when it envelopes the form of a magazine writer.

Complain not of reverses. Better to slip down on the sidewalk than to have the sidewalk slip down on you.

When Care comes a-rapping at your door, be like the man who expected to draw a large prize in a lottery—just out.

All flesh is grass, but you cannot feed raw meat to the average horse. That is, you can; but he won't eat it.

There are many "exhilarating feelings" to be experienced, but the exhilarationest one is feeling under the lap-robe for the hand of your girl.

There are two things in this country which are so rare that not many people have seen even *fac similes* of them. They are a pine-tree shilling and an honest man.

Do not laugh at the youth who is in love, for at such times he is the personification of sensitive-ness. Better to laugh at the size of his feet than the sighs of his heart. (Don't mind the pun—it knew Washington.)

If you find yourself on the wrong side of an argument, circle gradually around until you meet the manly side, which is not afraid of the honest, golden glitter of the sun of right; and then, besides, your opponent may be a big man.

Sometimes Fortune—the capricious jade!—skips gaily to the aid of the abject. But rarely. It more often happens that the man who dies for the want of a miserable crust receives loud praise, and perhaps a monument, after he has stepped through the doorway of Death. At such times Fortune seems as bitter as a two-shilling smile on the face of an undertaker.

You may be down on your luck; you may not possess a five-cent nickel; your fickle girl may have dealt you out a bitter dose called "leftfulness;" you may be "worse off" than the crank of to-day; but, young man, if, as an off-set to these woes, you have a supply bountiful of that which should dispel acerbity—good bread and beer—you are no philosopher if you cannot enjoy life!

EDWARD WICK.

IRELAND'S PERENNIAL PLAGUE.



COMPULSORY KEEPING OF LENT.

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



Théo and Capoul, after their wanderings through the semi-tropical climes of Cuba and Mexico, have—in nautical language—"fetched up" at the CASINO, where, under Mr. Grau's direction, they will, next Monday, appear in a variety of musical pièces peculiar to the genius of the Gallic race. In the meantime Mr. Rudolph Aronson's orchestra of sixty musicians discourses sweet music, assisted by several eminent soloists. He calls these performances Julien Nights.

Mr. Gunter has written perhaps the worst play that has ever been put on the boards of the BIJOU THEATRE. We wonder what could have possessed Mr. McCaull to permit his stage to be used for the presentation of such nonsense. It is too high a compliment to refer to Mr. Gunter's work as a play, for "The Dime Novel" was dead five minutes after the performance commenced, which shows that Mr. Gunter has not yet succeeded in making his "satire" attractive to ordinary audiences. Mr. Jesse Williams's music is almost on a par with "The Dime Novel." He wisely did not stake his reputation on it. There is one feature, however, about this production that may be commended. The colored poster advertising it is taken from a cartoon of PUCK, which represents an infant in its cradle, imbibing pernicious dime literature with its pap.

Turn we now, with more satisfaction, to Harrigan & Hart's THEATRE COMIQUE, where "McSorley's Inflation" is very much at home until "The Muddy Day" succeeds it. This is a new drama—another bucketful from the well of local richness and character that Harrigan & Hart know how to work so well and successfully. "Iolanthe" seems to have taken a new lease of life at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. Mr. Dixey's *Lord Chancellor* differs from that of Mr. Riley, and is, in its way, quite as amusing, and ought to make Queen Victoria demand his surrender for contempt of court.

The real funny minstrels—those of Thatcher, Primrose and West—are now at the COSMOPOLITAN THEATRE. It is not always true to speak of minstrels as being funny; but in this instance our conscience is quite clear—just as clear as if we stated that Christine Nilsson is a great songstress—the greatest on this continent; which reminds us that she gives three concerts next week in conjunction with Thomas's orchestra. This naturally suggests Mr. Henry E. Abbey, whose GRAND OPERA HOUSE is this week devoted to "The Black Flag," with the Goodwins and Mr. E. F. Thorne. HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE audiences are being regaled with the comic opera, "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," transferred from the NEW YORK CASINO.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Countess of Rudolstadt" is, as everybody knows, or ought to know, a sequel to "Consuelo," both of which are by the late George Sand—a woman, not a man, remember. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, the publishers, have recently issued a translation of the work by Fayette Robinson. There are few more interesting or exciting novels than this. It is in the author's best style.

The daily *Music and the Drama* is an admirable paper of its kind. Its information is always trustworthy, and there is invariably plenty of it offered in an attractive manner. The love for theatricals and music is so strong among New Yorkers that a daily paper devoted entirely to these subjects may be looked upon as a necessity; and *Music and the Drama* covers the ground in all respects.

AFTER THE BREAKING UP.



THE WRECKERS MAKE A GLORIOUS "FIND."

ASSORTED ADS.

WANTED.—A porous-plaster big enough to cover all Ireland, and powerful enough to subdue the upward curvature of the spine from which she is now suffering.
W. E. GLADSTONE.

WANTED.—France or Russia to knock the chip off our shoulder, and give me a chance to glorify myself and Germany at some one else's expense.
OTTO VON BISMARCK.

WANTED.—An unlimited quantity of jumping-jacks, fire-works and bon-bons to amuse and divert the Parisians until I get things into running order again.
PRESIDENT GREVY.

WANTED.—Plans and specifications for a system of statesmanship that will subdue Nihilism, and establish an autocracy upon a bomb-proof basis, without making any concessions to the spirit of the nineteenth-century.
PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

WANTED.—The kind permission of the Nihilists to put on my crown for a few moments, just to see if it fits. Also: Wanted—A representative Nihilist to act as my substitute in the pending coronation ceremonies.
THE CZAR.

WANTED.—A tutor to instruct the world that less liberalism and more catholicism, less enlightenment and more faith, less beer and more Peter's Pence is the correct thing.
THE POPE.

WANTED.—Somebody to convince everybody that I never—no, never, in an unguarded moment, said: "The public be d—d." Also: A stronger Government to protect me in the enjoyment of the fruits of mine and my deceased pa's industry.
W. H. WONDERBUILDER.

WANTED.—An unlimited number of spring-lambs, in condition for immediate butchering.
J. GHOUL.

WANTED.—1,000 barrels bear's-grease with which to lubricate the stock market.
J. KEENE.

WANTED.—A skillful attorney to cause the ungrateful public to perceive that it owes a great debt to the monopolies, without further seeing that they owe a vastly greater one to it.
CYRUS W. MEADOW.

WANTED.—Information as to the best, i. e., the most profitable, method of serving two masters.
METHODIST HOOK CONCERN.

WANTED.—A safe investment wherein to place the funds paid me by free-traders to abolish, and by protectionists to continue, the tariff.
THE FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

Answers for the Anxious.

Rejected articles, ill-writ, mis-spelt,
Are not returned by PUCK or *Um die Welt*.

J. L. MCC.—No, thank you.

WILLY WILDWEED.—Keep on wasting your fragrance on the desert air.

HASELTINE.—She needs only a mansard roof toward that Easter bonnet.

BOSTON BEANS.—We are much obliged to you for sending us the dear old merry jest about the apple-core. 'Tis but a little faded joke, but, oh! how fondly dear!

A RETAIL DEALER.—Your informants have told you one of the neatest little campaign-lies at present in circulation. Please report them to the International News Company.

STEVE.—Go almost anywhere and grow up with the country or with anything else. You will have to grow to an elevation that will dwarf the Himalayas before you can write for PUCK. Take not this advice in anger; it is a superior article, and cheap at the price.

CAREY.—Yes, young man, it is very nice, you know, and all that, and we should print it if our circulation were exclusively among the youthful undergraduates of Yale and Harvard; but, as it happens, there are two or three other people in the world who read this paper, and they might not wholly appreciate the delicate flavor of your humor.

TRIXY ADAMS.—You say "comic sketches are the only ones I have succeeded in making successful, and have resolved to pursue that art." We have read the samples you have sent us, and we have only words of encouragement for you. Pursue the art, dear boy, pursue it with an E, pursue it into the remotest wilds of Canada and British America, and never let up until you catch it. Don't hurry yourself, either. You can afford to waste thirty or forty years at the job—we won't crowd you.





VILE'S RETURN.

WIGGINS'S WAVE!!!!

THE PICNIC OF THE PESTILENT PLANETS.

Horrible Hurricane.

BLOOMING AND BOISTEROUS BLIZZARD.

HOW IT ALL WAS.

Telegrams From All Points.

All for 10 Cents.

[Special Dispatches to PUCK.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10th, 1883.

Wiggins's storm has cast a gloom over Washington. Not only is the whole city reduced almost to ruins, and the nearly completed Washington Monument spread out so flat that it resembles a well-paved plaza, but Senator David Davis has been blown out of town, and is now supposed to be lodged somewhere on the inaccessible crags of Arlington Heights.

MONTREAL, March 10th, 1883.

The city is frozen solid, and ice-cream is rated at 99 % discount. The citizens shave themselves with icicles. Food is frozen hard, and beefsteaks are cut with axes. Those whose business calls them out of doors are obliged to chop a way through the wind, which is nearly solid. Basements have been added to all the thermometers, and it is feared that sub-cellars will have to be constructed.

NEW ORLEANS, March 10th, 1883.

Wiggins's storm has completely cleaned out the Gulf of Mexico. At this hour, (9 A. M.) no trace of that once magnificent body of water is to be seen. An arid desert stretches out in its place, and the wind that scours it is already being utilized to work cotton-gins. As soon as the bed of the Mississippi is entirely cleaned out, a railroad will be laid, with red-hot rails, to bring lumber down from Minnesota. There will be no way stations, the whole cotton-crop having been blown down to this port, where it is now in process of baling for shipment to N. Y. by Gulf R. R.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 10th, 1883.

This message is sent from a balloon, all telegraph offices having gone West, young man, owing to Wiggins's infamous storm. Abcdefghijkofsky Street is now on its way to Timbuctoo at the rate of five hundred miles an hour. The moon has been blown into the Neva, where it fell with a terrific splash, and the entire body of Nihilists are now busily engaged, at fifty cents a day, in digging the satellite out. The Czar is missing; but there are rumors that he has been seen in the Fiji Islands. The coronation is postponed for the present.

LONDON, March 10th, 1883.

A terrible calamity has befallen this city. During the debate on Irish affairs Wiggins's tidal-wave rolled along without a moment's warning. The Houses of Parliament, at Westminster, with all members in their seats, have floated out to sea, and both lords and commons are temporarily lost to the country until they can be towed back.

LATER.—The Houses of Parliament, with Gladstone in command, have been spoken by the *Djimplina* in N. lat. 89.50, long. 1°. All well on board.

HALIFAX, March 10th, 1883.

The prophet Wiggins, who has been camping out here for several days, has suddenly disappeared. It is not known whether or no he was carried away by the storm which he predicted, as an absolute calm prevails here.

HOBOKEN, N. J., March 10th, 1883.

There has been a slight breeze here during the day.

P. S.—VERY LATEST.

[Special Dispatch to PUCK from the London Punch.]

The Crown Prince of Germany has been blown up by his mother-in-law.

FAIR TRADE AND FREE.

LAW OFFICE OF CASSIUS CARTER,
SAN ANGELO, Texas, March 8th, 1883. }

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I am a constant reader of your paper; less, however, for the merriment it provokes than for its steady contributions to the cause of honest and equal government everywhere. When, therefore, you "get off wrong," as in clamoring for protection of lithographers, this "constant reader's" sense of consistency is a little shocked, and he overrules your special pleas in behalf of these "infants," while he wonders that you should hamper your crusade against the protected gourmands by treating for a little of the stolen fruit. I know that you are not hurt by the "shock," nor, on the other hand, will I be much offended if the Assyrian Pup snatches this note ere it is half read. He will be the better for its solid sense, and your paper the worse for an unrebuked heresy in political economy. Yours truly, CASSIUS CARTER.

Why, Mr. Carter, is your sense of consistency shocked? Do you think it consistent with common sense that a reputable, growing trade

should be half ruined because the projectors of a good bill slipped into an error in their classification? If the projectors see the force of our objections, why shouldn't you?

It strikes us, Mr. Carter, that you have read your Puck through your own spectacles. We have always asked for Fair Trade; and we hope some day to be justified in asking for absolutely Free Trade; but no one with the average allotment of convoluted brain would, at present, demand the complete abolition of the tariff. A man's lameness may be cured, but you must not take his crutches away from him too suddenly. He has lost the habit of walking unaided, and he must learn over again, beginning almost as a child begins. And you certainly would not deprive him of his crutches and at the same time put a ball and chain on his leg.

Yet you think us inconsistent when we say that manufacturers who have to pay a heavy duty on raw material, who have to import their workmen and pay exceptionally high wages, should not be deprived of the small benefit they get from an import duty of 25 % on the manufactured stuff of their trade.

The one duty should certainly not be taken off while the other is retained. There is no special pleading in this. It is common sense and justice. It is reasoning which will apply equally well to any other trade. You are, it seems, a lawyer, Mr. Carter. How would you like it if you had to pay a heavy license fee to practise in Texas, while any foreign-born lawyer could plead in the courts scot-free? Would that be your idea of Free Trade in your profession?

We fear, Mr. Carter, that you do not pay enough attention to those broad principles of equity on which the Roman law was founded. It might be well for you to hark back to the teachings of the ancient Latins—the contemporaries of your revered namesake. You have a certain Roman grit about you, and you show it in coming boldly up to spar for your principles; but on this occasion you have, to use your own phrase, "got off wrong." And, while you search for that inconsistency with an electric lantern, let it be borne in upon your mind that when Puck drops into an inconsistency, he is not obliged to go to San Angelo, Texas, for correction.

AN OBJECTIONABLE FLEDGELING.



IS IT ONE OF THE BROOD?

Current Comment.

THE HORNY HAND—
The Bartender's.

THE HAND OF DESTINY
—A Royal Straight Flush.

OVER THE LEFT—The
Roof of the Ferry-House.

THERE is nothing half
so sweet in life to a girl as
caramels between the acts.
A man prefers cloves.

A PICTURE is often val-
ued by its frame; it is dif-
ferent with a fish-vender's
horse, whose airy frame
makes him a picture of
distress.

THE GREAT question of
the day at present is, how
to wear a high all-round
collar and still be able to
sneeze hard without cut-
ting your throat.

SOME METAPHYSICIAN re-
marks that music has suf-
ficient power to make peo-
ple weep. This is true; the hand-or-
gan can produce this effect.

THE CHICAGO *Tribune* says that
Swinburne has been mistaken for an
idiot. Spring poets will please cut
this out and paste it on the inside of
their crania.

THE MEANEST MAN was discovered
last week. He keeps a sample-room
up-town, and puts nothing on the free
lunch counter but meat on Fridays, as
well as during all fast days in Lent.

PARAGOONA PRECINCT, U. T., has,
according to the Census Report, only
two hundred and fifty-six inhabitants,
and one hundred and fifty-three of
those have to curl up the name and
sit on it, to keep within the bound-
aries.

SOON WILL the hornet's wing
Go ding-a-ling-a-ling,
And land upon the small boy's neck,
And make him loudly sing,
And very loudly holler,
And crack a handful of black mud
right inside of his collar.

AFTER THE OPERA.—It was in the
most fashionable restaurant in Chi-
cago, Ill. They had just been to the
opera, and were partaking of quail
on toast. She sat just opposite him.
Suddenly his foot slipped, and, as he
thought, struck hers.

"Excuse me," he said, apologeti-
cally: "I didn't mean to step on
your foot."

"You didn't touch my foot," she
replied.

"Why, I thought I did," he con-
tinued: "why, what in the world
could it have been?"

And they both looked under the
table and beheld a huge ottoman.

But it is unnecessary to drag out a
painful story. They are not as much
engaged at present as they were then.

HIS OWN LITTLE IDEA.



OLD HIGHROLLER'S FRIENDS NEVER COULD UNDERSTAND WHY HE ALWAYS CARRIED
THOSE PILLOWS WITH HIM WHEN HE WAS OUT OF AN EVENING—



BUT IF THEY COULD HAVE SEEN HIM GOING UP-STAIRS AFTER
HE GOT HOME, THE MYSTERY WOULD HAVE BEEN SOLVED.

PUCK'S "ANNUAL" TAFFY.

Invested in PUCK ten cents;
Eagerly sought its contents;
I found 'twas a manual
Of PUCK's funny ANNUAL,
"Price XXV Cents"!

What did I get for ten cents?
The usual recompense?
Not much! Instead, on each page,
"PUCK'S ANNUAL—all the rage,"
"Price XXV Cents"!

N. B.—[Later.]

Refund, refund my 10 cents!
Too much pork for my "steens" pence!
Do you think I'll keep quiet
On your ANNUAL diet,
"Price XXV Cents"?

I've squandered 25 cents;
"Yours truly" humbly repents—
PUCK'S ANNUAL best thing yet—
Big "divvy" on mine, you bet!
For XXV Cents.

Mother-'n-law said 'twas "immense!"
Laughed till she broke her jaw—hence
(She 's one of the ear-aching kind,) God bless you! Inclosed please find
S'more XXV Cents!

With compliments of H. O. WARD.

Worcester, Mass., March 14th, 1883.

The Collar Clock.

Few men who have at-
tained to the dignity of a
stand-up collar have failed
to notice a remarkable
property residing in this
important factor of the
masculine raiment.

By some subtle power
which defies the closest
analysis, such a collar is
enabled to endow even the
quietest of cravats with
the most astounding pow-
ers of locomotion.

A cravat which, left to
itself on the top of some
bureau, for example, would
not move an inch in a
century, instantly becomes
peripatetic when placed in
contact with one of these
simple linen bands, and
travels slowly but surely
around under the wearer's
left ear, from which stage
of its progress it is usu-
ally dragged back to its
starting point with more or
less incidental profanity.

For centuries this pec-
uliarity of the human
cravat has been unpleasantly appar-
ent to mankind, and yet the idea of
turning it to some useful account has
never until recently occurred to any-
body.

Mr. Newton discovered the law of
gravitation, but he was singularly
blind to what must have been going
on under his very nose, if he wore,
as he no doubt did, a stand-up collar.

Very lately, however, it has been
ascertained that this movement of ro-
tation may be utilized as a natural
clock.

It is only necessary to mark off the
collar into hours and minutes, and to
wear some sort of pointer in the place
of a scarf-pin, and the thing is done.

The Collar Clock once set at the
proper hour, the natural rotation of
the cravat will do the rest.

The advantages of this kind of
clock are easily apparent, but there
are a few objections to be urged
against it.

In the first place, it is obvious that
the progress of the cravat around the
neck must be wholly unhindered, and
that, consequently, no user of the
Collar Clock can wear either coat or
vest.

This state of things, however grate-
ful in the heat of summer, would be
found to have its disadvantages dur-
ing the colder months of the year,
and would undoubtedly impair the
value of the invention.

Then, even supposing people to be
able to habituate themselves to going
about in mid-winter in their shirt-
sleeves, there are certain defects in
the working of the Collar Clock which
might give rise to annoyance.

The melancholy circumstance, la-
mented by the late R. Burns, that we
are unable to "see ourselves as others
see us," would make it necessary for
the wearers of this invention either
to consult some other fellow's Collar
Clock when they wanted to know the
time of day, or else to gaze at their

own reflected image in some shop-window.

The first of these methods is well enough, provided some other Collar Clock happens to be near by; while the second would not only lay those who adopted it open to the charge of excessive personal vanity, but would frequently be defeated by another peculiarity of this singular invention.

So long as the hand of the Collar Clock is on the front side of the wearer's person, there can be, evidently, no trouble in consulting the instrument by reflection; but when, as must happen exactly half the time, the hand is around on the back side of the neck, a difficulty arises which it is not easy to surmount.

Of course, the wearer may ask some friend or casual passer-by to make the observation for him; but, in that case, he can have no security that he will not be made the victim of some hideous practical joke, and his gratitude for the stranger's kindness will be alloyed with dreadful doubts of his veracity.

The Collar Clock may also be objected to on æsthetic grounds, though the spectacle of a man's cravat hanging from the back of his neck is not so inherently repulsive as it is unusual, and many other arguments may be opposed to its introduction into common use; but it is believed that its great and obvious merits will triumph over any defects that it may have. F. E. CHASE.

CROWNER'S QUEST TESTIMONY.—I said to him: "Billy, you have been taking morphine, haven't you?"

He said:

"Yes, my stomach is out of order and I am compelled to take it. I feel very bad."

That was yesterday. Last night about 12 o'clock I went up to see him, and he was asleep and breathing very hard. I saw him again about 3 o'clock, and he was still sleeping. About 6 this morning I went up again, and found him as he is now, dead. I then sent for a physician, but it was too late.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Journal*.

A BOSTON girl lost her engagement ring and advertised a liberal reward for its recovery. About a fortnight afterward a coarse-looking man called at her residence with the missing trinket. In spite of the rough treatment it had received she recognized it at once and asked rather sharply:

"How did you come to get it all scratched and nicked up in this fashion?"

"Well, Miss," explained the man: "you see, I had no gal of my own, so I used it for a dog-collar."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

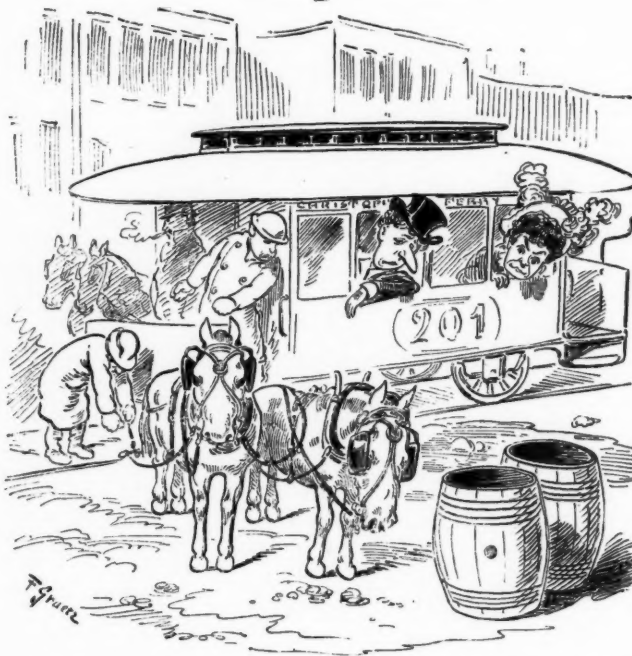
THAT preachers pun in the pulpit occasionally is shown in the sermon delivered by Dr. Talmage in Brooklyn recently. He said: "The mountain brook is always current." Speaking of the dishonesty of the farmer's wagon, he remarked that there was not "an honest spoke from tongue to tailboard." And his many other eccentric expressions indicate that he can hold his own with almost any end-man in a first-class minstrel troupe.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

THE woman who was glad her husband was elected to the Legislature because it would keep him out of mischief, is the most disgusted person in the State to-day.—*Boston Post*.

THE TOUR OF THE DISTINGUISHED TRAGEDIAN.

[As He Reported It in His Letters.]

I



"IN HOBOKEN THEY TOOK THE HORSES FROM MY CARRIAGE AND DREW ME TO MY HOTEL."

SINCE the floods in Cincinnati, and the hotel fires in other places, it has been almost impossible to suit hotel guests. They want rooms above high water mark, and below the fire line; and finally the hotel proprietors compromised by hitching a skiff to every window, so in case of fire or water a guest could paddle his own canoe.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun*.

A FOREIGN barber has written his autobiography. It is called "The Crowned Heads I Have Combed."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

RECREATIONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

ENGLAND'S latest watchword—"Look out for No. 1!"—*London Punch* [born old.]

If you should happen to want your ears pierced, just pinch the baby.—*Adam, 4004 B. C.*

THE ingenious reporter who had gone to see Salvini's *Othello* was told by his editor to "make two sticks." "But there were seven or eight," the young man said.—*Thespis* [date lost in the Mists of Antiquity.]

PHILANTHROPIC Passenger to Irish Emigrant, with small bundle:

"Where's your trunk, Pat?"

"Phwat 'ud Oi do wid a thrunk?"

"Put your clothes in it."

"An' me go naked?"—*Brian Boru, 940 A. D.*

WHERE THEY GROW.—Small Boy of Eight (looking over picture-book with boy of ten)—"What's that?"

S. B. of Ten—"Why, don't you know? That's a donkey. Haven't you ever seen a donkey?"

S. B. of Eight (doubtfully)—"No."

S. B. of Ten (patronizingly)—"Why, I have; lots of 'em—in the Theological Gardens, you know."—*Aristophanes, 430 B. C.*

AN IMPORTANT DETAIL.—Guileless Young Woman—"Oh, Uncle, I do wish you would take me with you. I adore those French operettas."

Discriminating Male Relative—"It isn't a proper place for you, my girl."

G. Y. W.—"But it is all in French, and I should not understand more than half that was said."

D. M. R.—"Yes, my dear; but which half?"—*Molière, 1625 A. D.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 has drifted into a third edition, and a fourth is imminent. Just what might have been expected.—*Norristown Herald*.

The merriest, funniest, most original, queer and quaint publication we have seen for a long time is PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883. It is illustrated in the very best style, with designs peculiar to PUCK.—*Kansas City Herald*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 is, it need hardly be said, very well worth reading by lovers of the humorous. The remarkable success of PUCK is an interesting fact in the history of recent periodicals. A few years ago it had to struggle hard to keep its head above water, and to-day its income is almost princely. This is an example of what can be accomplished by well-directed talent and business enterprise. The contents of PUCK'S ANNUAL are short, bright, humorous stories and sketches by the regular staff of PUCK and other well-known humorous writers. The illustrations are by J. Keppler, F. Oppen, B. Gillam, F. Graetz, and others well known as pictorial artists.—*American Bookseller*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for '83
Knocks the persimmons off the tree;
It has the fun in layers and ledges,
'Twixt golden backs and beveled edges;
Its pictures, rare, are everywhere,
To make one rip and snort and tear.
The funniest thing you 'll ever see
Is PUCK'S ANNUAL for '83.

—*The (Cincinnati) Drummer*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883—gilt-edged, warranted not to cut in the eye, will stand without tying, seven octave, round corners and carved legs, genuine Havana, sold for no fault—has arrived. It is an

unctuous, jolly, breezy, bright, humorous, mirth-provoking, grief-dispelling, joy-creating, side-splitting, button-bursting volume; costs only a quarter; buy it, save the change out of your cigar money, sell your dog, borrow a quarter, but buy the book. Then go into the open air or a high-studded room, so you won't bulge the roof when you laugh, and read it.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

Jolly little PUCK, with his abbreviated wardrobe and surplus stock of fun and humorous miscellany, has launched his side-splitting ANNUAL upon the market for 1883. PUCK'S ANNUAL is one of the most meritorious publications of its kind. Vallentine, Munkittrick and Dodge combine the cream of their pens to grace the pages with literary goodies, while Keppler, Oppen, Gillam, Graetz, Bisbee and Schliessbach adorn the pages with suggestive illustrations. This jolly little work may be had for 25 cents, and it is worth ten times that sum to drive away the blues.—*Whitehall Times*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 is the same cheerful visitor as its predecessors have been. Its special feature is a series of capital verses on the months by V. Hugo Dusenbury; but the reputation for humor is not wholly dependent on these. Mr. Munkittrick is "to the fore" with many a wile, and especially with "The Pinafore Visitor," an ingenious as well as attractive array of verselets.—*Detroit Free Press*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 is up to the standard of the humor of PUCK, and it is prettily printed and illustrated.—*Philadelphia Progress*.

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I TALK about home because I am rarely there—and men like to talk most of what they know least about. "There is no place like home." Even those who live in boarding-houses touchingly warble that song. Home is more to a woman than to a man. A man who has no home is a social tramp. With a woman it is different; she wants a home, but does not always have a chance to get it. Woman feeds upon affection. She is never happy until she gets her ideal man; and then she is cast down to find another woman's photograph and love-letter in his overcoat pocket.

But a man gets his home—lot, house, mortgage, mechanic's lien and all. He has all but the mortgage, and the mortgage has him. All of a man's life, except what he spends at the store, club, caucus, lodge or prayer-meeting, is spent in his home. Man is great in his own house; if he is not a king, he is at least a prince consort. Many are like the man who, on being nominated for Lieutenant Governor, said:

"You have nominated the right man for the right place. I have been a Lieutenant Governor ever since I was married."

It is said that every home has a skeleton; but I don't believe it. It is only a thing of the imagination. Some regard a poor relation as a skeleton; but that is wrong. No man is poor for fun; he can't help it, and is entitled to your sympathy. Homes are brighter and better than they used to be. Our wives make them so. When a wife buys her husband a diamond pin for Christmas, it brightens home; and the husband is made happy by receiving the bill ten days before Christmas.—*R. J. Burdette, in Hawkeye.*

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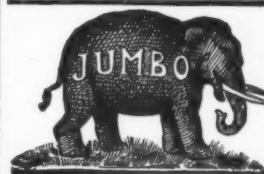
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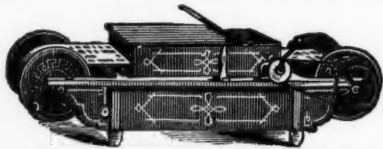
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When 'neath a wayside tree
Three rogues did chance to meet—
All bad as rogues could be.

For one had stabbed a man,
And one had robbed and run;
The other burned a house,
And laughed at what he 'd done.

Quoth one: "What shall we do?
We will be caught, I fear;
Police are watching hard
For us both far and near."

Then one did run away,
And one confessed his crime;
But the wisest of the three
Kept smiling all the time.

And to his captors showed
A bag of yellow gold,
And by its gleam and weight
He bought them all so bold.

To one they gave a cell,
And he was hung who ran;
But he who paid the gold
Was made a Congressman.
—E. C. Vogelgesang, in Chicago Tribune.

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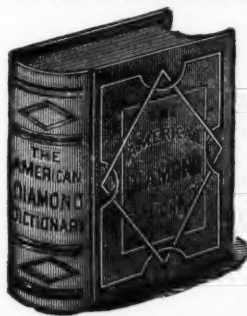
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The next drawing takes place on the

2nd of April, 1883,

and every bond bought of us on or before the 2nd of April is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders, sent in registered letters and enclosing \$5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. For orders, circulars, and any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
No. 150 Broadway, N. Y. City.

[Established in 1874.]

In writing to us, please state you saw this in the English

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